

[You've Got me Seeing Stars](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Aftercare, Anal Sex, Dom/sub, Established Relationship, Hint of Daddy Kink, Lance cries during sex, M/M, Oral Sex, PWP, Polyamory, Porn Without Plot, Sexting, Shiro is very bad at being a dom, Spanking, not very serious daddy kink, until it gets kind of serious

Language: English

Characters: Keith (Voltron), Lance (Voltron), Shiro (Voltron)

Relationships: Keith/Lance/Shiro

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-01-31

Updated: 2017-01-31

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:28:21

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,673

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Saturday mornings are *supposed* to be for lazy sex on the living room couch and cartoons and cereal, not for Lance's boyfriends having to meet up with their insane professor for two and a half hours.

Good thing Lance has a halfway decent phone camera and a completely indecent idea of what to do with it.

You've Got me Seeing Stars

Author's Note:

While I was at work today, where I wrote half of this on my lunch break with no shame, someone came in and started spouting death threats at my entire office, and I think y'all should know my first thought was "damn, if someone kills me, I can't finish the smut."

My priorities, people.

Title is from Seeing Stars by Borns, which is a very cute song for Lance and his baes <3

Lance was bored.

It may have had something to do with the fact that *both* (both! He was the luckiest guy in the universe!) his boyfriends were gone, away at some meeting for that one class they were both in, and, according to Shiro, it was going to take *forever*, because Prof Slav couldn't calm his shit long enough to let his students go about their days. Prof Slav, Lance decided (even though he'd only met the guy once) was personally ruining Lance's life. Or at the very least, he was ruining Lance's Saturday with his *completely unnecessary* early-morning additional meetings.

He rolled over on the couch and decided to text Shiro, because Shiro absolutely hated Slav, and would share Lance's annoyance. "*How long will you be?*" he asked, and when he recieved no response, "*Shiroooooooo. Heyyyyyy.*"

Still nothing. Ugh, damn Shiro and his professionalism, the guy wouldn't even text during a meeting with his least favorite professor, who was, in Shiro's description, "an OCD menace who'd critique the part in your hair like it was on display in the MOMA." It still made Lance chuckle to think of it. Shiro had a way with words, especially when those words were, "Lance, I want to see you go down on me."

Oh, there it was. The residual horniness. Lance blamed Keith, more specifically, Lance blamed the way Keith made out with him against the wall that morning, lips skillfully finding all the spots that made Lance want to drag Keith off to the bedroom, or the couch, or the floor, or wherever they could get naked. It would've been *great*, had Keith not pulled away, patted Lance on the cheek, and told him he and Shiro were headed out. So Lance was left laying on the couch with a half-chub, yelling after them that they *would* be making it up to him when they got back.

Damn Keith and Shiro. Well. He supposed it wasn't Shiro's fault, except that Shiro's overwhelming sexiness *was* partially to blame for the fact that Lance's hand was drifting down his belly and over his fly—yep. Yep, he was gonna do this.

It didn't take Lance long to work himself up again, in fact, he probably should've been embarrassed at how quickly he got it up. Well, he might have been a little more self-conscious if he didn't have the mental image of the way Shiro stretched in the morning, his back muscles tensing and releasing, the warmth of his skin when Lance kissed his shoulder. He thought about the casual splay of Keith's legs whenever he sat around the house in summer, always in shorts that barely covered his thighs, showing off hickeys from the night before.

Lance hummed, his head tipped back over the armrest of the couch (yeah, he hadn't moved in the last 45 minutes, so what), palming his cock through his jeans. He rescued his phone from sinking between two couch cushions and pulled up the camera, thumbing the button on his jeans open but doing nothing else, spreading his thumb and forefinger out to frame his package.

"I'm bored," read his text.

Aaand, sent.

He waited for a response from the boyfriends group chat—at the very least, Keith would reply, because Keith was an expert at texting under the table during class functions—idly grinding against his flat palm while he scrolled through Twitter.

There it was. *Keith Kogane: "Nice."* Lance squeezed his tongue between his teeth and laid his phone on his chest for a second while he shimmied out of his jeans, pausing for a second with his thumb in the waistband of his boxers before deciding to leave them on.

The next shot he sent was of his hand down his underwear, and he held the phone far away enough that his face was in the picture, grinning cheekily at Keith and Shiro while he played with himself. *"Come home soon."*

"Fucking stop, we're in class," Keith replied, and if Lance was a good person, he would've taken that advice and a cold shower.

Lance was not a good person, so he sat up on his knees, pulling his boxers down but not off, so they stretched between his thighs, his cock jutting out over the waistband. He took the picture straight down, and hey, this angle made him kinda look like he actually had abs, nice. It also made his cock look bigger, not that it mattered to Keith and Shiro, who'd already gotten up-close and personal with his junk plenty of times.

"Never ;) have fun in class <3"

There was nothing to do after that besides, you know, actually jerking off, so Lance laid back, turned on some sexy music, and thought about the particular look of focused concentration Keith got when he sucked dick.

It was pretty awesome.

— — —

Keith and Shiro's meeting took a full two and a half hours, and that, plus the fifteen-minute walk between campus and their apartment, meant Lance had already found at least three stupid things to do. They were as follows: using an inadvisably large bowl to make the equivalent of five bowls of cereal at once, starting a re-watch of Parks and Rec, and sending a trio of dick pics to his pair of boyfriends. It had been a productive morning.

The door slammed so hard, Lance swore the knob busted through the wall, as Keith very literally stomped into the living room, glaring at Lance. He

shoved the laptop shut right in the middle of PnR's bouncy theme, and yanked Lance's headphones out of his ears. "What. Were you thinking."

"I was thinking if I ate the cereal fast enough, it wouldn't get soggy," Lance said innocently, gesturing to his failed masterpiece, which was a lump of wet corn paste and sugar, ew.

"Not that."

"You mean the pictures?" Lance set his laptop on the coffee table, a safe distance from the cereal disaster. Shiro circled around the back of the couch, hanging his jacket on the row of hooks, toeing off his sneakers. Lance sat up, and Shiro wedged himself onto the couch behind him, hands on Lance's hips.

"Yeah, he means the pictures. You were driving us crazy," Shiro said, bending to kiss Lance's neck, sweet and tender and the warmth of his lips made Lance melt back into him.

"Don't do that!" Keith snapped, "he doesn't deserve it."

Lance's eyes brightened, because ooh, they were playing that game, huh? He shimmied forward a little, up onto his knees, and grabbed Keith by the scarf he was wearing (big enough to hide the hickies from two days ago). "Was I a bad boy, Keith? Are you gonna punish me?" he asked, schooling his face into a pout. Shiro's hands slid up Lance's sides, his prosthetic one chilly from the spring air, and he pushed Lance's shirt high enough that he could kiss the bare skin on the middle of his back.

"Yeah, you were," Keith said, and his voice already had that breathy quality that meant he was getting riled up. Lance pulled him down to kiss him, but Keith turned his face to the side, so Lance got his cheek.

"Hey, let me—"

"No," Keith said, grabbing him by the chin, "I think you're going to do what I say."

Shiro must have *felt* Lance's shiver, because Lance heard him gasp. "What do you want me to do?" Lance asked, wiggling back into Shiro's lap, smiling when Shiro's arms went around him—Shiro was so bad at playing mean. Keith was *fantastic* at it, though, and the good cop, bad cop dynamic was fun.

"Go to the bedroom," Keith ordered, and Shiro's arms opened to let Lance up. He grabbed the hem of his T-shirt as he walked, pulling it up until he heard a sharp, "no," from Keith. "Keep your clothes on," Keith said, "you already stripped down today. This time, it's our job."

Lance sucked in a breath that rattled out of him in a shaky whoosh of *I am going to get fucked so hard*. He laid back on the bed, waited for a minute, probably while Keith and Shiro decided what to do with him, oh god. "Get in here," he called down the hall, "I mean, I understand the poetic justice of making me wait, but. I also want someone to sit on my face."

Shiro was the first through the door, already stripped down to his boxers (oh, so *that's* what they were doing), and he climbed into the bed, straddled Lance, and kissed him *good*. Shiro's mouth was hot and his lips were soft; Lance almost immediately opened his mouth for him, putting his arms around Shiro's neck when tongue happened. Shiro batted his arms off, though, looks like he *could* be mean, if pressed. "Roll over," Shiro said, words spoken right against Lance's lips. When he did, he realized Keith was sitting on the bed too, completely naked and hard. He pushed himself up onto his elbows, gave Keith a *very* obvious once-over, and licked his lips.

"So, who do I get first?" he asked.

"You *get* taken down a peg, first," Keith said, and Shiro stripped his jeans and boxers off, shoving his shirt up—he couldn't have gotten it over Lance's shoulders in this position if he tried—kneeling over Lance's legs and looking down at him like he was trying to gag where Lance was at.

Lance figured he'd help him out a little. "Show me what you got." All confidence.

What he *had* was beyond what Lance could've imagined. Shiro spanked him: a neat, sharp slap that had Lance's eyes flying open, and, embarrassingly, his hips grinding against the sheets.

"I think we deserve an apology," Keith said, coolly watching the scene like it wasn't doing a thing to him (his flushed, hard cock told a different story, though, *god*, Lance wanted it in his mouth).

Lance was silent, and when he had been silent for too long, Keith nodded at Shiro, who spanked him again, same side. Shiro's palm rested gently on Lance's ass after, soothing. Lance's head dropped between his shoulders, forehead almost pressed to the mattress, and he moaned.

"You should do what he says," Shiro said.

Lance's head lifted again. "But what if I want you to spank me again?"

He got what he asked for, but it didn't seem like the punishment was going to last for long, because Keith tossed the bottle of lube Shiro kept telling them to put away ("nobody's going to be in our bedroom," Lance argued), and it landed by Lance's hip. "Apologize," Keith said.

Lance opened his mouth to say something, to play along, but as soon as, "I'm—" got past his lips, Shiro's middle finger slid deep into him, his prosthetic hand gripping Lance's flexing thigh as he fucked him, one-fingered, until Lance tried again. "I'm so—*Christ*, Shiro." Another finger, and Shiro wasn't taking things slow. He was going just as rough as he knew Lance could take, relying on the residual stretch from the way Keith had fingered him the night before.

"What was that?" Shiro asked, and Lance's eyes rolled back, because this was simultaneously the best and worst thing that had ever happened to him.

"I'm *sorry*," he finally gritted out, and that was about all he could say around Shiro's fingers curling inside him.

"Sorry for what?" Keith asked.

"Oh, come on," Lance groaned.

Shiro's laugh pushed air against the nape of Lance's neck, and Shiro's third finger pushed inside him. "Sorry for what, Lance?" Shiro repeated, no relief from him, *thanks, buddy*.

"Sorry you can't handle yourself after a couple dick pics." Wrong choice of words, but he couldn't keep the sass in sometimes. Shiro pulled his fingers out of Lance abruptly, spanked him again, left a smear of lube on his ass.

"Try again," Shiro said.

Lance whined, rolling his hips against the bed until Shiro stopped him with both hands on his waist, pulling him up until his dick wasn't even touching the sheets. Lance spread his legs to keep his balance, and dear *god*, he must have looked obscene, his cock hanging heavy between his thighs, shirt hiked up to his armpits. Shiro held him steady, kept him from grinding against anything, and without Shiro's fingers in him, he felt empty, needy. His face burned.

"I'm sorry," he said, dropping his head down until his voice was muffled. That didn't last for long. Keith grabbed his shoulders and forced him up, until he was sitting, knees folded under him, leaning back against Shiro's chest. He wished he could grind back against Shiro's cock, but Shiro held him firm with one hand on his waist, the other on his jaw, forcing him to look at Keith. "I'm sorry I couldn't handle being alone for so long," he said, the words spilling out of him, "I'm sorry I couldn't wait for you to take care of me."

Keith shook his head, tutting. "You didn't even send us any of you coming," he said.

"Would you make up your mind on whether you want me to send nudes?"

"I really don't think this is about me," Keith said, coming closer, until he could leave a gentle kiss on Lance's collarbones. He followed it up with a nip, hard enough that it'd leave a tiny mark. "Now. I'm gonna tell you what we're going to do to you," he said, and Lance squirmed in Shiro's hands,

because this was the part he'd been waiting for. Shiro dragged his shirt over his head and off, and Lance sat forward, grabbing Keith's shoulders and leaning in to kiss him, sloppy, until Keith shoved him back. Shiro took Lance's weight easily, let him lean back against his chest.

"I'm going to fuck you," Keith said, "until I come in your ass. I'm going to make a mess out of you, and when I'm done, I'm gonna let Shiro have you. And you're going to be a good boy, aren't you?"

"Yes," Lance breathed, "Yes," he repeated, "yeah, I'll be good, I swear, just *fuck me*."

God, he was glad he'd made it through the awkwardness of Shiro taking the both of them to get tested, if it meant Keith could fuck him raw, if it meant Keith could come inside him and he'd still be feeling it when Shiro pushed in—*fuck*. Cool it, Lance.

"Hold him," Keith said, as he pushed Lance onto his back. He was laid out on Shiro's lap, his head on Shiro's thigh, and Shiro took both Lance's hands in his. Lance tested his grip—when he pulled, Shiro held him steady, wouldn't let him escape so he could touch Keith (or touch himself). Lance opened his legs as wide as they could go, spreading himself out for Keith while Keith settled in between them, rubbing the head of his dick against Lance's asshole for a second, teasing.

Lance thought he was gonna drag things out, mess with him a little, but nope, Keith pushed in as far as he could go on the first try, fucking him hard and fast, making him scream a little. "That's good," Shiro breathed above him, "that's so good, fuck, Lance, you take us so well," he said, lifting one of Lance's hands to his lip so he could kiss his knuckles, then his wrist, just over his racing pulse. "You're so pretty when you're getting fucked hard; you love it, don't you?"

"Yeah." Lance tilted his head to the side and kissed the bulge in Shiro's boxers, until Keith's dick completely obliterated Lance's ability to multitask.

Shiro chuckled fondly against his wrist. Keith fucked him harder, probably leaving fingerprints on his thighs, hips stuttering in and out of rhythm. "He's close," Shiro said, taking Lance's hand and putting it on the back of Keith's neck, and Lance knew what Shiro wanted him to do. He buried his fingers in Keith's hair and pulled, yanking Keith's head back, and Keith swore, then bit Lance's neck *hard*.

"Ow, oh my god!" he squealed and Keith let up, giving him a blurry look. Shiro put a hand on Keith's shoulder, his other on Lance's chest, shifting so he could check the bite mark.

"You okay?"

"Yeah, just. Jesus, Keith, you don't need to cannibalize me."

"Sorry." Keith kissed Lance's neck by the bite, dropping the dommy act and looking concerned, checking Lance's expression to make sure he wasn't upset.

"Forgiven," Lance said, and he tugged on Keith's hair again, laughing to himself when Keith's hips jerked of their own accord. Keith picked up his brutal rhythm as soon as he knew Lance was fine, fucking Lance like he was just using him to get off, like he didn't care whether it was good for Lance (lucky for him, it was great for Lance).

"I'm gonna—" Keith began, and Shiro let Lance's hands go, so Lance could grab Keith's thighs and pull him in, keeping him seated deep as he came. Lance would never get enough of the way it felt when Keith came inside him, of the last few, significantly gentler thrusts Keith left him with before collapsing atop him and effectively squishing him. Keith left a trail of wet, smacking kisses across Lance's chest, adjusting himself a little so he could pull out. Lance's cock was stuck between his belly and Keith's, and after a couple seconds, he tried to frot against Keith's abs.

"Cut it out," Shiro said, "you can't come before I get a chance to fuck you." A thrill ran down Lance's spine at those words, and he reached out for Shiro's hand.

"Yes please, get inside of me, like, immediately. Keith, you gotta move. Shiro's gonna put it in me."

"Fine," Keith huffed, rolling to the side, and the tender kisses he shared with Lance proved that Keith actually *did* understand the purpose of an afterglow, surprise, surprise.

Shiro traded to the place Keith had just been, between Lance's thighs, and he worked two fingers into Lance, ostensibly to make sure he was still wet enough, but actually because he just liked fingering his boyfriends. "You gonna do it or not?" Lance hitched his legs up, spreading himself for Shiro.

"Ask nicely." That was Keith, who was apparently the Manners Police today.

"Will you fuck me?" Lance tried, making his voice all breathy. That was nice, right?

"No," Keith said, although Shiro seemed to think that was just fine, because he hooked both hands under Lance's knees. He stopped at Keith's word, though. "Beg for it," Keith said, and Lance whined, his throat sticking.

"Please," he sighed, "please, please fuck me."

Keith was so close to his ear, his lips brushed the shell of it. "What's the magic word, Lance?"

"Dude, I just fuckin' said please!"

"Not that one," Keith said, and his eyes flicked to Shiro, whose face was flushing so dark, his scar was hot pink, almost red. *Oh. That one.*

Lance grinned and licked his lips, curling one hand at his chin, trying to look as innocent as he could with his legs spread and come leaking out his ass. "Please fuck me, *Daddy*," he begged, and Shiro groaned, shoving a hand over his mouth.

"Oh my god, Keith. Why do you always get him to do this?" Shiro grumbled from behind his hand, but Lance could feel Shiro's cock leaking

pre onto his thigh.

"Because I know you have a thing for it," Keith answered neatly. "Lance, are you gonna be good for Daddy?"

"Yeah, yeah I will."

Keith took his lips after that, one hand on the back of Lance's neck, and it distracted him so much, he was *surprised* when Shiro's cock pushed into him, going much slower than Keith had, just the head at first. "Oh, god yes," Lance moaned, "all the way, come on." Shiro was either listening to him, or he just needed to be inside him, because he pushed all the way in, arching his hips so he could hit Lance's prostate.

"That's it, that's good," Keith said, all pretense of punishing him dropped, pressing his nose against Lance's neck, whispering sweet nothings, a lot of, "you look so good taking his cock," and, "he's so *big*, isn't he?" Lance's gasps were going up, up, up in pitch, because Shiro's steady, intense rhythm was exactly what he needed. It was a grounding contrast to Keith's erratic, dominating force, and Shiro fucked Lance like he was trying to get him to come from just that.

Lance knew it was possible. He'd done it before, had surprised himself when he blew his load all over the sheets with Shiro's cock inside him and absolutely no one's hands anywhere near his dick. Today, though, they hadn't worked him up long enough for that to happen, but Shiro still felt amazing, and when Lance peeled his eyelids open, the look on Shiro's face, flushed deep and absolutely *lost* in it nearly made him stutter into orgasm despite himself.

Shiro bent over him, kissed him, and Lance hugged his shoulders, moaning into Shiro's mouth every time Shiro rocked into him. "God, you guys are hot," Keith sighed, watching them kiss. "Shiro, are you close?"

"Yeah," Shiro and Lance both answered.

Keith wrinkled his nose at Lance. "I didn't ask you. And you're not allowed to come until after Shiro does."

"You can't exactly—*fuck!*—control that." Lance was sure Keith knew how little he could control that, considering the number of times Keith had gotten an accidental facial from him. But there was no way Lance would catch up with Shiro—the crush of his hands around Lance's thighs and the restless rise and fall of his breath telltale signs that Shiro was about to lose it. And if that wasn't enough, his lower lip was stuffed between his teeth, not enough to block out the guttural noises coming from his chest. Lance's hands slipped on Shiro's shoulders, down to his biceps, and his back bowed, pushing his ass as far into Shiro's lap as he could go.

He glanced at Keith, looking particularly devious, before turning back to Shiro, giving him a slow kiss that melted Shiro into him, fucking him faster and faster the closer he got. If Lance had a thing against being crushed into the mattress by two significantly heavier men, he'd have a lot more issues with the way Keith and Shiro liked to fuck. Luckily, he loved being pressed underneath one of his boyfriends, and he especially loved the way he could feel it all over when Shiro started to shake, clearly right on the tipping point.

Lance pulled away, his lips smacking against Shiro's. "I love you," Shiro sighed, soft and emotional.

"You too," Lance said, "now come for me, Daddy."

It worked—Shiro yelled and everything, a long, "*fuck, Lance,*" and then he was shaking all over and coming, and Lance wrapped his legs around Shiro's waist and his arms around his shoulders, holding him close. Shiro kissed Lance down his neck, right over the bruise from Keith's fuckin' *fangs*, and Lance shivered, still unbearably aroused, and oh *god*, he could feel Shiro's come dripping out of him when Shiro pulled out.

"Should we be nice and let him come?" Keith asked Shiro, who chuckled into the curve of Lance's shoulder.

"I want to eat you out," he said, and Lance shivered.

"I'm pretty sure that bottle of lube has 'do not ingest' printed on it somewhere, so, uh, rain check on that," he said. "Suck me off?"

"Sure, baby," Keith said, "which one of us do you want?" He traced his hand up Lance's thigh, and Lance was so worked up, the gentle touch felt like fire.

"I want to make out with Shiro while you go down on me," Lance said, and they were immediately on him, Shiro's arm looped around his chest, nearly holding him off the pillows while they kissed, Keith in between his legs, his hand and his lips around Lance's cock. Keith couldn't deepthroat to save his life, but the things he could do with his tongue drove Lance *nuts*, and he whined into Shiro's mouth, tears collecting in the corners of his eyes, his chest heaving in broken sobs.

"Shh, you're good, you're so good," Shiro soothed, "come for us, Lance, come on. We've wanted to touch you all day, baby." Keith traced the head of Lance's cock with the tip of his tongue again, jerking him off while he did it, the fingers of his opposite hand tracing through the come and lube on Lance's thigh.

What really got him there, in the end, was the combination of Keith moaning around his cockhead and Shiro's warm left hand tracing down his chest and belly until his knuckles bumped Keith's throat and Lance could feel the heat of Shiro's skin against his dick. He came in Keith's mouth, which would've been a dick move (ha ha, *dick move*) if there was any possible way Lance could've avoided it, because Keith absolutely *hated* the taste of jizz, but Lance had been too overcome to do more than cry, tears rolling down his temples instead of his cheeks because his head was tipped back over Shiro's forearm.

While Keith ran to the bathroom to spit, Shiro gathered Lance into his arms, thumbing away his tears, holding his overwhelmed form close until Lance's racing heart slowed to match Shiro's calm pulse. "Was that what you wanted?" Shiro asked. "Did it feel good?"

"Yeah, it was so good, man, so good," Lance said, his voice wavery and broken.

"We didn't hurt you, did we?" Keith asked, his fingers brushing over the very vivid hickey on Lance's neck.

"Only in good ways," Lance sighed, while Keith spooned up behind him. For a minute, they just breathed, all of them in varying stages of hot and sweaty, and then Lance shifted and realized his thighs were sticking together. "Ew, oh god. I gotta go clean your jizz out of my ass."

"Sorry," Keith said unapologetically.

"I'm hungry," Shiro commented, loud enough that Lance could hear him from the bathroom. "You guys wanna get lunch?"

"How are you always so hungry after sex, dude?" Lance called, distracting himself from how utterly gross cleanup could be with conversation.

"No, I get it, I'm hungry too," Keith said. "You wanna go to that Vietnamese place?"

Lance threw the washcloth in the laundry. "Why can't we just have them deliver?"

Shiro laughed, warm and soft. "You're telling me you *don't* wanna show off that giant hickey?"

"Dude, pretty sure the astronauts can already see it from space," Lance said, stepping back into the bedroom and pulling on his boxers. "But yeah, we can go. I'm wearing sweats, though. You two just pounded the hell out of my ass, jeans are no."

Keith rolled off the bed and started getting dressed. "Yesss," he cheered, "I was really in the mood for pho."

"I'm in the mood for your *face*," Lance quipped, and Keith rolled his eyes, shuffling his hair back into place.

"That doesn't even make sense. Shiro, put some pants on, already." Keith chucked Shiro's boxers at him, and Lance burst into hysterics when they landed on his head.

Lance got a very particular sort of enjoyment out of the way the awkward college freshman behind the counter at the Vietnamese place stared at his

neck while he slung his arm around Keith and asked if either of them would give him their jalapenos.

(They wouldn't.)

Lance also got a very particular sort of enjoyment out of the way Keith's kisses tasted like chili oil for hours afterward, but more so out of the way Shiro upheld his plans to eat Lance out later, and the two of them turned Lance into a puddle for the third time in a day.

Saturdays were great. Lance didn't think he'd ever get bored of them.

Author's Note:

If you wanna see Lance, Shiro, and Keith in frilly panties among other things, visit me on my NSFW tumblr @seldula. If you, for some reason, aren't? here for smut? My regular tumblr is @luddlestons.

Either way, talk to me about the daddy kink Shiro pretends not to have.